



# The Parker Press

Late yet again, but still as informative as always!  
 Summer 1995 (should have been December 1994)

## Steve's got a life!!!

Most of you are aware that the Parker Press had moved to Boulder, Colorado in August 1993. What most of you don't know is that I've

- 1) Been dating a woman named Laurie Clark for the last year and a half (see related story by Laurie on page 11)
- 2) Bought a new computer  
*See LIFE on page 2*

## Scott's got a life?

Whoops! I mean WIFE (as of September '95).

Well, 'lil Bro announced that he's getting hitched to a woman named Heidi in September. Can 'ya believe it? I'll be the last single Parker (much to Lauries dismay, but save that thought for a soon-to-be-published issue of the Parker Press). See his story on page 4.

## Another year passed...

STEVE PARKER, STILL A PROCRASTINATOR EXTRAORDINAIRE

For those of you who have nothing to do but wait for each edition of the Parker Press, it has finally arrived. For everybody else, here's some more packing material for your next move. Our PERSON (Publisher, Editor, Reporter, Sports Writer, Operations manager and News correspondent) has absolutely no excuse again, especially considering this was again supposed to be a "happy holidays" type issue near Christmas/Hanukkah, and I didn't send out cards.

But, given that the last issue was 44 pages, most of you probably are just finishing that issue at this time, so I can say "This is timely" (yeah, right).

## Events!

More events that have happened since the last time I sent out a letter. Some I went to, some I heard about, and I'm sure there's many that I missed... Advanced apologies for missing them...

### New Babies!

John and Kathy Cutsinger are the proud parents of Cristin Ann, born 6/3/94.

Joe and Amilia Witherpoon had their first little girl, Aimee Jo, sometime in August '94, but the letter

*See EVENTS on page 6*

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LIFE from page 1

so that I can complete the Parker Press a little easier, and maybe get it published more often than once a year.

- 3) Bought a new house in Broomfield, between Denver and Boulder. See the related story about the house on page 8.
- 4) Had Laurie and her 5 year old daughter named Alyssa move in. (I just had to go and change everything at once, or I never would have had the guts.)

This new life is kind of interesting, maintaining a house, relationship, and my sanity all at the same time. Most of you know I had enough of a problem living with myself, so it should be fun to watch how this turns out...



## Letters to Editor

Well, it's been quite some time since publication, and I've received a few letters that should have been published months ago. But... I procrastinated, and here they are...

SHARI CAMPBELL, MAY '94

Glad to hear you settled in your new home. [ed note: Kinda ironic that she meant the old Boulder address, not this new house, but timing works out OK] I just wanted to drop you a note to let you know how much I enjoy reading "The Parker Press." I especially have enjoyed the current edition, in particular, your journal entries from your trip. It sounds like a wonderful adventure. Throughout I assumed "Bill" was Bill Easley. I heard him talking about wanting to go. (I think it was at 4th of July or maybe the family reunion.)

I have heard Colorado is a beautiful place. I was skiing in Aspen once - I remember it being cold, cold, cold.

Well, I'm off - Keep up the good work and keep on writing.

MONICA "NIKKI" MILLS, MAY '94

To the Publisher of Parker Press:

Being a full-time college student with finals just around the corner, I found the article "Steve's Journal from Down Under" a little lengthy. I am writing to inquire whether Cliff Notes are available for this journal. I am sure it is an exciting and moving personal account, and I am disappointed I cannot give it its due amount of attention. I suggest in the next issue that a "Highlights of Steve's Trip" be published for those of us who are hard pressed for time. [ed note: This has been done. See page 5] This is only a friendly suggestion to keep your subscription money [ed note: Huh??, What money!?!?] rolling in. Thank you for your time.

PAM PARKER, MAY '94

I just got finished reading the April edition of the Parker Press - Whew! It took me about four seatings (on the sofa), but I got through it. Your trip sounded great! It's always more fun to "hang" with locals in foreign countries. They always know the best stuff to do. I hope you didn't take a

cholesterol test right away – all those fish & chips tend to clog the arteries. One ski season should work it all out though... (*the rest of the note was personal, and will not be published*)

TOM ALEXANDER, BOATING  
ACCIDENT INVESTIGATIONS,  
MAY '94

This, mayhaps, will be your third letter ever since the founding of the Parker Press. Enjoy!

This is to advise that the denziens of the desert thoroughly enjoyed your missive on the Parker/Easley sojourn to the austral continent and islands further south. Be further advised that this issue did not rest "BOTT." We both inhaled its contents breathlessly. Well, an occasional sigh anyway, but Barb did it first in one shot.

We are looking forward to seeing you soon and hearing more.

Thanks again, and we hope PP continues to ride.

PS: When we get some hot "DESERT NOOZE" we'll transmit same for publication. We do have a breaking story and will forward when complete [*ed note: Still haven't seen this new*

*news (hint, hint)*]

LINDA AND MANFRED BARTH,  
JUNE '94

[*ed note: Bill and I met Linda and Manfred in New Zealand*] Many thanks for your esoteric edition of the Parker Press. We had a lot of fun reading your New Zealand journal while sitting you-know-where, of course. It really brought back many memories. And now your pretty much settled in Boulder I imagine, and have begun to feel at home (I hope)...(*the rest of the note was personal, and will not be published*)

THE NIX'S, JULY '94 - LONDON (REUTERS)

An intrepid band of nomadic golfers traveled the (with Scottish brogue) Highlands from the Firth of Forth to the Firth of Clyde in search of golf (pronounced "gulf"). There, with a bonnie lass driving on the left side of the road and Father Thomas Nix of Clan Curb (due to the fact he lost 2 hubcaps on the left from hitting the curbs!), yes there the golfers trekked the ancient fairways of St. Andrews and Carnoustie. "You canna see a more bee-u-ti-ful sigh

inna wurd!" These golfing gypsies then a-went from Elie to Turnberry [*sic?*] for the final round of the British Open. "Ach! That Nicky Price - What a mune [*sic, again*] That putt he-a soonk from... musta bean eightie or ninetie feet! Aye-that was a Scot's putt!" said James MacLorie [*yet another sic*], golfing historian and enthusiast. The tired laddies and lassies adjourned to London for some sightseeing, a quick performance of Cats, and for one pathetic soul, work. Last night's dinner was with Robin Leach, who wishes all readers of the Parker Press "Champagne wishes and caviar dreams!" Signing off from London... Cheers!

KEN SACHS, JULY '94

Please accept my congratulations on your most recent edition of the Parker Press. The quality of the writing, attention to detail, and relatively small number of errors are to be praised. Sorry it took us so long to respond; I had a back log of Sports Illustrated in the bathroom, and needed to catch up prior to the World Cup. [*ed note: This gives you*

*See LETTERS on page 10*

# Scott's Takes the Plunge

SCOTT PARKER, REPORTER AND HUSBAND IN TRAINING

For all of you who have heard the rumors flying around about Scott's supposed marriage to a foxbat from the Bali rainforest, let me set the records straight. Yes it is true that Scott Parker is engaged to be married. No, the part about the foxbat is purely fictional, obviously made up by someone with a very creative mind. I will be the first to admit that

this engagement came as a surprise. A very pleasant one at that!

Heidi Reiswig is the one woman, who after all of these years, accepted me for who I am (Steve was overheard giving her referrals for Psychiatrists to have her head examined). She works at the school that I am currently attending and that's how we met, although many of our friends will tell

a different story. She grew up in Juneau Alaska and enjoys camping and the great outdoors. Her greatest love is horses and she is quite good (ask me to show you a video that I took). We officially became official on April 4, 1995 at, of all places, Disneyland. Again, Steve was heard weeping. At least it wasn't in "It's a Small World" or "Fantasy Land"! Of course neither one of us remembers exactly what else happened that day but we're happy. I love this girl very much and am looking forward to a happy life together, even though Heidi was opposed to me wearing a skirt (Scottish style) at the wedding.

The wedding will take place on September 16, 1995 in Riverside, California. The reception will be on Saturday, October 7, 1998 (figure that one out) at the Mormon Center in Sacramento, California at 2:00. You are all invited so call someone if you need directions and we'll see you there. It is rumored that Steve will be singing a special song that he wrote in honor of the young couple so Cash, Nix, Paskey... you may want to be there!!



*Left to Right: Scott, Thing, Heidi*

# Highlights of Steve's Trip

STEVE PARKER, EDITOR IN CHIEF

*This article is dedicated to Nikki Mills, who was kind enough to write a letter to the editor. With that in mind, here's her article, Crib Notes style:*

I went to Australia and New Zealand a year and a half ago. It was "fun". I had a "fun" time.

## Comix from the Net!



## Kansas Moves West!

WEARY AND WET, JUNE 7TH

Well, I never thought I'd see her, but I'd swear that I just saw the WWW (Wicked Witch of the West) ride by on her broom! We've had rain for 6 weeks now, and in the last three days, I've seen it rain so hard I couldn't see across the street, seen 1" hail, and saw three different funnel clouds! Our flower bed is destroyed, and I was in the house praying that the skylights would hold. Our Bar-B-Que cover looks

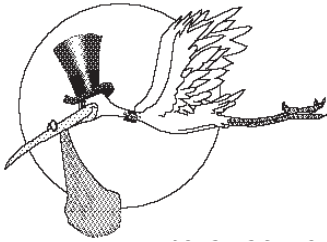
like somebody used it for shotgun practice, and was a REALLY BAD SHOT!

It seems that we've finally got ole Ma Nature a little upset about the Ozone thing, and she's starting to fight back with the serious artillery!

Then two days later, it's over 90° outside, the snow's melting like crazy, the flooding is beginning.

Anybody got an Ark?

EVENTS from page 1  
that Aimee wrote announcing herself didn't include a specific date. She'll learn



time in the distant future.

Jennifer and Gary Brown had their first little girl, Cheyenne Lynn, on October 7, 1994 at 12:12 am (nice timing, Cheyenne). She tipped the scales at 8'3" and measured 19 1/2" long.

Patty and Jeff Aubrey had their first little boy, J.T. Aubrey, on 12/22/94.

CONGRATS to all the new mommies and daddies. Now... How do you feel about diapers???

### **New Babies to be (still cooking)**

Still considered "confidential" and names won't ever be disclosed without permission. There are currently three babies cooking away in tummies around California. One's due in August of '94, and the other two are due on Labor Day

(how appropriate). You know who you are, and congratulations!

### **Weddings:**

Carey Kovacs and Sid Payne on August 7th, '94. Carey was one of the first friends I had after moving to Boulder (the first place I lived). We've managed to stay in touch after I moved into the townhouse. She and Sid were married up on Flagstaff Mountain west of Boulder on a beautiful day.

Rick and Jodi Jones got married in a neat ceremony in Tuscon, Arizona on September 17, '94. It was a little warm down there in September, but it was a fantastic wedding, and I saw many people I haven't seen in years.

Gary (my old roommate) and Angela (pseudo-roommate) Pasky are now official. They tied the knot at another great wedding in Santa Barbara on April 29th, '95. I hadn't been in SB for almost a year and again, I saw many people I hadn't seen in quite some time.

June 10th, 1995 saw a very unique indian style wedding between Dave Macrae and Sarah Ritchie at the El Rancho Restaurant up by Evergreen. They departed for a honeymoon in Alaska, where I would dearly love to go.



Janine and John Kirk are planning on getting married right in the middle of the publication of this issue of the Parker Press, on June 24th, 1995. I was actually be in town for Mom's retirement, but didn't have time to stop by the reception... Sorry to have missed what would have been another fun reunion from the I.V. days.

Kevin Cubba (another old roommate) and Becky Sampias (another pseudo-roommate) were married July 2, '95 in Santa Barbara. Unfortunately, I wasn't be able to make this event, due to a severe shortage of vacation days at work.

### **New Weddings on the way**

Little Bro Scott Parker will be marrying Heidi Reising on September 16, '95 at Lake Arrowhead, CA. See



his story on page 4 of this esteemed publication

#### **Other Events:**

Janet Kelsey graduated Magna Cum Laude from CalState - Chico, with a B.S. in Business Administration on May 21, '94.

From April 10 - April 26 - Barely controlled psychosis from offer on the house I'm now living in to closing escrow.

In the last issue of the Parker Press, Dads retirement/surprise party) was announced. This year, it's Mom's turn. She retired on June 23rd, 1995, and will finally be able to stay home and see what Dad's been up to for a year now. A surprise party was planned for June 24th in Pollock Pines. This issue won't be released in time to pre-announce it, so I'll pre-post announce it. See the related story *Retirement Gala* on page 11 of this fine newsletter)

#### **Places I went, Things I did:**

Memorial Day '94 - Camping and climbing near Handies Peak (a 14'er), along with a small group of people (Laurie, Chip, Gregg, the Schumanns, Alan McCartney, Barry

Bradford, Terrie Padilla, the Moorhead family and the Grossman family). We took over a whole meadow for this crowd.

June 11th - Dad's Retirement Party. See *Retirement Gala* on page 9.

June 13th - Down to Santa Barbara on the way home from Dad's party to ensure that I visited within a year of leaving.

July 4th - Camping and climbing again, this time with Chip, Gregg, Ed, Terry and Sandy. This time we were going to climb Huron, but decided to try for a scenic view from across the the related story on page 9.

July 30th - Hiking again, above Eldora, with Gregg, and Rosalind.

August 20th - Climb Castle Peak (a 14'er near Aspen), with Chip, Dave H., and Rick G.

August 24-28 - Mom and Dad came to town, and we all went to Michelle and Shannon's Party.

September 3rd - An aborted attempt to climb Pyramid Peak (another 14'er near Aspen) with Chip. We got "snowed-out."

September 11 - An attempt to get to Grey's and

Torreys peaks with Gregg, Ed & Susan Rowen.

September 16-18 - Flew to Tuscon for Rick and Jodi Jones' wedding.

November 22-28 - Flew Scott out here for Thanksgiving at Laurie's.

December 22 - 28 - Flew home for Christmas break.

January 7 - 12 - Flew to San Francisco for Interleaf training. I had dinner one night during the week with Jeff and Katja Leveroni, and then drove up to Mom and Dad's for the weekend.

March 4 - 11 - Laurie and I flew to Hawaii for a "birthday" vacation. See the related story on page 9. April 26-30 - Flew myself, Laurie, and Alyssa to Santa Barbara for Gary and Angela Pasky's wedding. On the way, we stopped by Disneyland, where Alyssa was heard to say "I can't believe they're only open for 10 hours!" We tried to explain that this is so the adults don't die, but she didn't understand...

Memorial Weekend '95 - We had a large group of people who wanted to go camping, but everything's still under snow, and getting deeper. It rained

See *EVENTS* on page 10

# Adobe Abode

STEVE PARKER, ACTING ADAMS COUNTY RECORDER

Actually not an adobe abode, but a frame/brick house.

It finally broke down and bought into a formal commitment plan to Colorado (whoops, I mean a house!). Laurie and I "shopped for houses" together, and found something that we could live in together. It's a 1 year old, 3 bedroom, 2 1/2 bath, 2 story house on a relatively small lot in Broomfield, CO (see general location map at the bottom of this page, and the floor plan and detailed map on the opposite page (page 9). It's about

1800 square feet for the two floors, and another 500sf in the basement (currently unfinished, but hey, I needed to have something to do!) The house is very "light"; there are windows everywhere, and four skylights in the ceiling, which I found out are made of Plexiglass during the hail storm in May. Thank goodness none of them broke, not to say I didn't have my doubts.

It's in a pretty quiet part of a sub-division called Brandywine, with a cul-de-sac in front, another one in back, and a loop street to one side. Very little traffic goes by the house, but right now (and probably throughout the summer) construction traffic for the rest of the subdivision starts

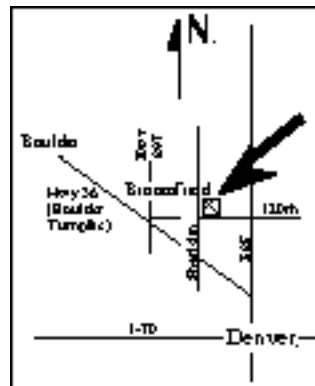
kinda early. The elementary school is two houses away for when Alyssa starts school next year.

We used to have a fairly nice flower garden, but the last hail storm kinda wiped it out. Hopefully I can help it recover, despite the fact that I have the ability to kill grass just by walking on it.

So... anybody who wants to go climbing, skiing, or just plain hang around in Colorado is more than welcome. We won't even make you sleep on the floor, since we've got spare beds for four guests, and room on couches for an additional two. This means you're invited to stay anytime...

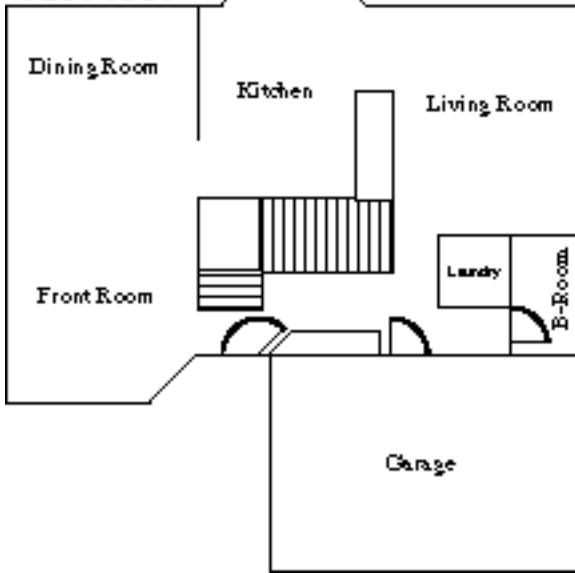


*The Humble Abode*

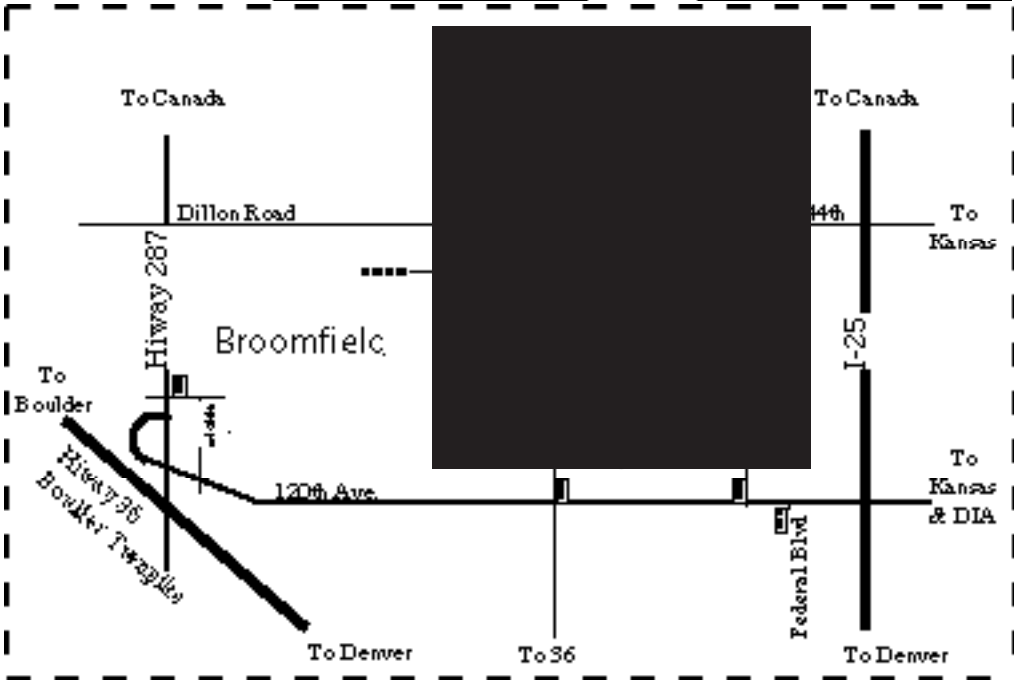
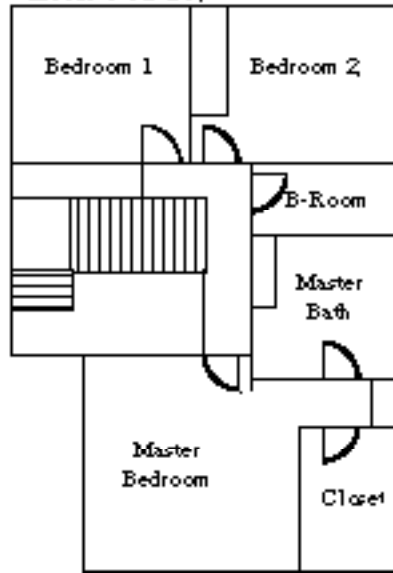




### 1st Floor



### 2nd Floor



*A Map for you to cut out and put in your wallet when you come to see us!!*

# Church Humor

FROM THE NET (YES, THEY ALL ACTUALLY OCCURRED IN SOME CHURCH BULLETIN)

- Tonight's sermon: "What is Hell?" Come early and listen to our choir practice.
- For those of you who have children and don't know it, we have a nursery down-stairs.
- Tuesday, at 4p.m., there will be an ice cream social. All ladies giving milk, please come early
- This being Easter Sunday, we will ask Mrs. Johnson to come forward and lay an egg at the altar.
- A bean supper will be held on Saturday evening in the church basement. Music will follow.
- Remember in prayer the many who are sick of our church and community.
- Thursday, at 6 p.m., there will be a meeting of the Little Mothers Club. All ladies wishing to be Little Mothers, please meet with the pastor in his study.
- Don't let worry kill you off -- let the church help.

LETTERS from page 3

*a good idea how long it's been since the last issue.]*

Keep my subscription active; the Parker Press is a winner!!

[Ed note:: Please send all correspondence, subscription changes, etc to

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or use e-mail at  
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EVENTS from page 7

and snowed continuously for the entire month, and they're sitting on 300% of normal snowpack up there.

June 23rd, '95 - Mom's now retired along with Dad. She just couldn't stand the thought of having Dad wandering around

the house alone, so now they wander together (ha!). Her story is on page 11 as well.

July 2-3 '95 - We headed into the high country for camping, but got *snowed on* and decided to pack it up and come home early.

A-Basin thinks they'll be ski-



*Little Bro Scott the Dentist sez : "Floss 'yer teeth!"  
(or "don'tcha hate it when Steve gets a new Graphics Package?!?!?"*

# Laurie and Heidi finally committed!

STAFF PSYCHOLOGIST

Laurie Clark and Heidi Reiswig have both been apprehended and will be checked into the nearest mental institution as soon as possible. Many of the leading clinical psychologists in the United States want to examine both Laurie and Heidi for signs of severe mental disorders, since neither of them were smart enough to stay away from the Parker boys. Many of the relatives that we've talked to confirm that there "must be something really wrong with them", but then most say that they're happy that the boys are being taken off their hands.

The two women are constantly surprised at phone calls between the two boys (Maybe they're men, but let us talk about mental age, OK?)

One conversation in the recent past was tape recorded at Heidi's house, for the courts admission records, and went something like this.

"Hey! This is the Pope. Is Michaelangelo there?" (at which point

Heidi kinda figured out that the phone wasn't for her)

"Yo Pope, whatchoo up to?"

"Not much. Just computing. How's things out in the desert?"

"We're cooking dinner, looking at a hole in Heidi's ceiling."

"Ahole? Bummer. What'd you do? Finally blow your stack?"

"Nope, the ceiling just fell in."

Great liberties were taken when transcribing this conversation, and due to the direction this conversation *could* have gone (towards Chicken Little) the transcription will stop here.

Having the women committed would normally be a problem, but since the two boys are known to frequently visit (OK, have appointments at) mental institutions, this may work out pretty good.

Just remember to keep your distance around the brothers when you see people in white outfits with butterfly nets! They



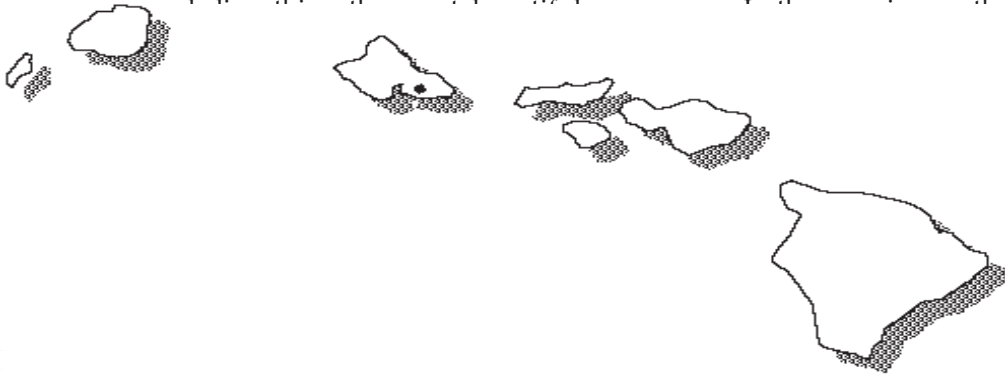
*Bellevue Mental Institution's Nurse Bertha, in her holiday finest*

## NEWS FROM HAWAII

On March 3rd of this year, Steve and Laurie took a week off work and headed for Hawaii. Steve claims it was only a coincidence that they were on Kauai for his birthday, but most of you who know him won't

which turned out to be a little more expensive than the hike would have been, even if they had brought caviar and champagne for backpacking food). The flight took just about an hour, and covered some of

Wailua Falls (the waterfalls from Fantasy Island), and back to the airport. Even though the flight was somewhat costly, they'd both said that they recommend you save some money and take the flight. It's worth it.



had to be cancelled due to the fact that Steve's ankle was a little sore from a Volleyball injury he sustained a couple weeks before (that and the fact that the Doc told him she'd amputate it if he walked on it too much).

They made up for this by taking a helicopter ride with Safari Helicopters,

three days of no rain left a lot of them dry), and on into the caldera of the volcano that made the island. Steve said that this is one of the most mystical places he's ever seen. The helicopter flew in just under the cloud cover, making the scene even more mysterious. Leaving the caldera, we flew back above

Canyon up close and personal. It's nicknamed the "Grand Canyon of the Pacific", a name it truly deserves. Steve strongly suggested that anybody who visits Kauai should see this canyon up close, perhaps even taking a day-hike in and around the area.

On the evening of

March 7th, there was a decision to be made over where to have Steve's "Birthday Dinner". A number of locals were consulted, and most of them recommended the Pacific Cafe, but Laurie had heard of a little Italian place on the north side of the island called Casa di Ameche. It was one of the best "change in plans" made on the trip, and Steve says he's never had better food, even at much higher priced establishments.

Kauai is almost complete recovered from the hurricane that blew through (literally) in 1993. Most of the buildings are repaired (something like 90% sustained damage, most severe). The only real reminders are the construction on the remaining places, and the huge piles of debris that occur about every 15 miles down the hiway. Mother Nature healed herself rather quickly, and it's hard to tell anything ever happened by looking at the vegetation.

At the end of the four days on Kauai, Laurie came down with a flu-bug of some kind. They flew (much to Laurie's congested dismay) over to Oahu for another two days, staying

at the Turtle Beach Hilton on the extreme northern tip of the island. Steve had seen this place when the family stopped in Hawaii coming back from Taiwan and Korea. It's a beautiful resort, and from what I've heard, they both wanted to stay as far away from Waikiki and Honolulu as they could get.

Since Laurie wasn't feeling well, they did alot of touring by vehicle, which wasn't too bad, since the vehicle was a convertible



Mustang. They basically covered everywhere but the far southwest side of the island, dipping toes and feet into the sand at various beaches around the island. It was a very relaxing part of the trip, as they didn't really have any plans, and took it real easy.

Flying back home was perhaps the hardest part.

They caught our flight from Honolulu at 8pm, and flew directly to Dallas/Ft. Worth, landing at something like 5:45 am. One of the local baggage handlers reported that the duo looked "asleep on their feet". The connection to Denver departed around 7:00am, landing around 9:00am, where me met Gregg and Chip for the ride home (well, we met them after a bit of a search.) DIA is a pretty big place.

Chip had thoughtfully made a lunch and dinner

for us, which we were very thankful for, and in fact, still owe him a dinner for that little act of kindness. It was nice not having to cook and/or clean for that day. So Chip, name the place and time, and we'll meetcha there.

# Retirement Gala!

STEVE "WHEN THEY GONNA FIND ANOTHER REPORTER?" PARKER

For those of you who missed reading about Dad's retirement in the last issue, everything went great. Steve, Scott, Vicky, Chris, Samuel, William and Mary Kate all showed up at Linda's house between Thursday and Friday, sleeping there on Friday night. Dad had no idea we were there. When he showed up for breakfast Saturday morning, Mark had the video camera out and ready, filming him as he walked in the door (we were all hidden in the back bedroom at this time.)

When Dad got in the front door, Mark started interviewing him on tape with questions like "How does it feel to be re-tired?" etc. Dad thought Mark was being a little strange (what's new...) but started talking about his retirement while the rest of us kids snuck up behind him. We all stood behind him while he was completely unaware of our existence until I threw an arm around him in the middle of another question. He looked at me, couldn't figure out who I was for a moment, and then looked over his other shoulder where the Holden family was standing. It was truly a surprise, and for the first time in my life, I think he was utterly speechless.

After a good breakfast with the complete family, we surprised him yet again with the party at Pinewood with lots of the people he use to teach with, and most of the family relatives. Two complete surprises on one

day. What a great day!

A year later, Mom apparently got tired of trying to figure out what Dad was doing at home all day, and decided to find out herself. She announced her retirement in May of this year, and was retired on June 23rd. We threw a surprise party for her as well, but... You know how your mother always seemed to know *everything*? I'm pretty sure she knew something was up before we all got there. But she played along beautifully, and we all felt like we pulled it off again. We all

ended up back in Tahoe again for this event, but without enough time to head up to Wrights Lake for more family pictures. Maybe in a year or two??

But... I digress. We drove over to the Parker Clan headquarters hidden in the back of the Hogges family van (almost a chartreuse micro-bus!) Linda had mentioned to Mom that she had a retirement gift in the back, and she had to close her eyes and come see it. She walked Mom to the back of the van, and we all jumped out. She was sure happy to see us all, and I think she was at least a little surprised. Another party at Pinewood rounded out the surprise.

Now that they are both retired, it's time to see them start to travel around the world (well, maybe at least the U.S.) and see all the places they've been wanting to see.

Starting with me... (*hey, that rhymed!*)





# Late Breaking News!

NEWS THAT NEEDED TO BE PRINTED.

Well, procrastination finally paid off! The Witherspoon family added Apryl Jordan to their ranks on July 19th, 1995 at 8:36pm. Yes this is the same With family that announced the birth of their first child in 1994. Sounds like they're trying to get the "child-bear years out of the way as quickly as possible!

There are two more babies on the way that I didn't report earlier (meaning I found out about them on July 30th). One's due in December,



*Candid photo of Steve hard at work on the next issue of the Parker Press (otherwise known as a space filler so I can get this issue on the way!)*

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*[ed note: Thanks to Alan McCartney for this little bit of insanity...]*

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